

The Classified War for Time : The solitary
book of life and death

By

Indana Simonde

It was in a dumpster along with the rest of the recycling when he found it. He'd been on the streets for nearly five months now and the truth was, the taste of the stale bread in his mouth was lingering for what felt like a couple of hours. He hadn't had anything to wash it down with in the form of liquid libations. Something felt wet on the sole of his torn and wasted boot. The holes didn't help at all, but then, neither did the holes in the boots themselves. His calluses didn't help, and anyone who so both his feet unsheathed from their warmish nests would note that they were somewhat similar to the stigmata of which some of the other homeless individuals had noticed him hobbling from street corner to street corner wishing, hoping and praying for a little bit of spare change.

Before he found the book, he was sitting on a bridge contemplating suicide with a hat on the floor and onlookers walking forwards and backwards. He hadn't made more than fifty pence in spare change and he knew that the only things he needed were toilet roll and some deodorant along with a little water and a bacon roll, but due to the little money he had in his wallet he was unable to afford it.

As Julian Cavendish opened the first pages of it with full inquisitiveness as to what it contained, something took a hold of him and he quickly closed it, unaware as to the corruption that was taking a hold of his very soul and spirit as though he had somehow become cursed. He could see a series of images and almost, for a second thought that he could see words hovering in mid air along with a strange set of eyes that didn't look human at all, but none the less, he carried on walking. Within a couple of minutes he had reached his next station, his regular spot for working the general public, the bridge over by the old Scotsman shop.

Reality had become a forgotten world of skip diving and meditating, listening to the good, the bad, the conversations about holidays and work, or nights staring at revellers who focused on their nights out over one homeless man who didn't even remember how old he was let alone what his grandmothers

voice sounded like. Though he could remember his family home from when he was eight, the picture on the wall striking an image of home and drawing a contrast around the dark brown leather seat and pale green walls.

An hour had passed and still no sign of any extra spare change, now was as good as any to start reading the book. The front cover was embossed in a gold gilt edged binding, but due to the faded leather hard cover was almost impossible to read the title or make out any of the images from the book. As the front cover slid open in his hands, it felt heavy and bulky.

At first Julian didn't notice the people start to fade as he slipped deeper and deeper into a state of catatonia, steadily dosing into the old book. Everything seemed like a dream, almost hyper real but unreal at the same time. The only words that he could remember from the words he read were The Arc of which the title of the book was. As he failed to open his eyes for all of a moment, the brightness of daytime in comparison to the cold and lonely night he had been facing became almost completely evident.

"Welcome to Haven!" a voice repeated for a second time.

The street worker, that is the homeless support officer who worked tirelessly within the community was the next victim as it were of this book of destruction and destiny. In it were held the words of an ancient language indecipherable and yet, despite this fact, all who allowed their eyes or their hands to touch it would simply disappear, becoming a part of the book. Clare Adams was the second person who was *called* to the book on that day, in which she had simply passed by what she thought was a homeless person; composed of a sheet holding a book and completely covered, but she didn't touch the person at first. Rather she knelt calmly and gently and looked at the book and then in her politest tone asked if the person sitting with open book needed any help or support. When no answer came back, she then attempted to radio to the control staff for support in the hopes that there would be someone who would help, but where no help came, she carried on following procedure.

First she tried checking for a pulse, but where no pulse was found initially through the very thin sheet, she thought carefully about whether there would be any use in attempting to call for an ambulance when eventually she mustered the mental strength to lift the sheet. There was nobody there. It was strange as the sheet was sitting with legs folded and had cast a shadow, but there was no-one underneath the sheet.

The next thing she did, as she moved the book to the ground was to remove the sheet from the invisible hands head and then the most curious thing happened. The sheet that was covering what looked like a head and torso simply dropped to the ground as though there had never been the silhouette of a man with legs crossed. She noticed on the ground lay a cardboard box, with a name on it. That was the moment she then looked at the actual book with pages blowing in the wind, and her gloved fingers pointed to a page in order to ascertain what the book was about. She couldn't read any of the characters but felt slightly dizzy reading the book. She couldn't tell that the street was disappearing, but as the words were uttered like a whisper in thin air she knew something strange was happening.

The next people to succumb to the curse of the unnamed book was a drunk man and his girlfriend. The two of them had been out late for dinner after a quick bite to eat and a trip to the theatre to see a comedic show of an opera called *The Tragedy* about the pitfalls of relationships in the modern age. The opera had been sung by a male character and was initially recited in Latin and then in a multitude of languages of which most of the audience(s) attention faded. It was halfway through the intermission that the two of them had attempted to cross the foyer and purchase a couple of drinks.

As they left the theatre, having been turned away due to increased levels of inebriation at the bar, and equally due to their rowdy behaviour and extravagantly excessive language.

"The set pieces were amazing and the effects when they all sang on stage was fantastic, the visual imagery was like something I have never seen before in my life." Brian slurred his words regularly, despite usually having a firm grip on his ability to control himself when over the limit.

"I know what you mean babe, but seriously, where is the car.." Simone harped in almost as quickly as he had, the two of them talking at the same time whilst struggling to comprehend what the other had just said. Just as she finished speaking, her hand in his, one of them tripped over something and noted the impact on the concrete as the other fell equally.

It took a moment for Brian to realise that Simone was somehow missing when he came to, slightly concussed. He searched underneath some old greyish sheets that had been left on the ground and assumed that he might have tripped on the sheet or on a bit of old cardboard on the ground with some name and a bit of information about a person who had lost a partner. He found a bracelet that had the words Helping Hands for the Homeless and a symbol on the other side of the bracelet that a name, Clare Adams. He overlooked the book, paying little attention to it at first, but then, he realised that something was curiously calling him to the book and then, it happened. In that instantaneous moment he faded from the street unnoticed.

The council worker had been working all night and couldn't wait to get home, picking up litter and rubbish. It was the cigarette butts that were his least favourite objects to pick up, but regardless, like a trooper he carried on picking up the rubbish and placing it in his bin, dawn was approaching and this was his final street. As he turned round the corner, a gust of wind caught him off guard and rocked his whole body causing him to shiver uncontrollably. It was his final year of a law degree, he knew he had something to prove, yet despite this fact he was still stuck working three jobs part time and still had to find time to make it to university without any sleep.

As the wind died down, he noted every detail of the street ahead, the lack of cars, the seagulls flying everywhere, collecting what were likely cold chips, discarded from the night before. Everything was still apart from the birds. There was one street lamp that was switched off whilst the rest of them shone brightly in the usual yellowy-orange hue. Dennis prepared himself as he approached the impending darkness of the area with the street lamp switched off. As he approached the area, a truck passed him and diverted his attention from what appeared to be the remnants of a homeless persons sleeping place. This seemed to happen all too regularly, they would simply leave their stuff and go on a wonder or huddle together and hang out during the course of a night, and yet he couldn't tell what was going on, as he listened to the sounds of a strange sort of lion-like base tone of a groan.

It seemed to get louder as he approached the darkness but he couldn't really see very much apart from the detritus that lay on the ground and due to the fact that he had a deadline for returning the cart filled with rubbish back to the council building as with the rest of his team, he carried on cleaning the area with speed, it was then that he noticed what looked like a person attempting to open a book in front of him.

"Excuse me!" Dennis called but was unable to gain the attention of the individual. He gripped the carts handle and then simply carried on walking past the area. Luckily for Dennis, he escaped a chance encounter with a creature known as the Flood.

They were being called to the book as though it were food of some sort or an energy source that was powering them. The problem with time travel and sentient creatures that traverse the multiverse like a migratory flock of birds was just that. Time travel having far from being invented in the modern age and equally the multiverse being something that had not been traversed either, the Flood were being led towards this bridge connected to a local street underneath a lamppost that had long since been drained of any energy that it contained.

Passers by who happened to stumble upon them were being consumed by what eventually would become the entirety of human civilisation throughout all of history, time and space including the multiverse. The curse that had taken its hold on the multiverse and equally on this bridge was spreading through time, forwards and backwards at an accelerated rate. Equally, the book was a doorway of sorts to a parallel dimension in which, only certain people with a specific characteristic in their DNA allowed them access to a place and time in space called Haven.

On the bridge one man walked towards the creatures with a trench coat, in which he carried what looked like an ancient but still very much sharpened samurai sword, which of course was now illegal to carry as an offensive weapon. He didn't take it out of its sheath at first, but rather walked towards the darkness with little more than a smouldering stare that seemed to cut through the sudden, damp fog. The sound of a train could be heard below, but regardless he carried on walking until at last he stood within inches of the barrier between the light and the darkness. That was the moment that Tom Spears prepared to finish his cigarette, as he stretched his arm out, he blew smoke towards the darkness where it moved to the shape of what appeared to be an invisible silhouette of a man or woman's face, but as the smoke dissipated, he knew that they were telling the truth about the infestation in the cold Edinburgh Street. Had it been raining, it would have been easier to spot the semi-invisible creatures, but the Flood were obviously there, he could feel them.

"Shall we..?" he began as his sword hand reached into his coat.

The machines had been gearing up to the war with the creatures known as '*the Flood*' for nearly an eternity. Emperor, their leader was slowly growing restless, as his internal store of phase shifting cannons moved slowly, one after another. His maddened eyes stared a hole into the very fabric of space and time as he began to march in front of the remainder of what looked like humanity in the form of The Red Gauntlet.

The truth of the matter was regardless of how many human survivors he had banded together, along with a growing machine army, it wasn't enough to cure the planet or the universe of the Flood. This would be humanities last stand were it not for one crucial fact. Abigail Lord and Hugh Lord, the programmers and creators of Emperor's Architectronic Matrix were still missing from the Temporal Index, which charted all locations, dates, times and sightings of people once known as Humanity, now in the form of the Flood.

One man pressed buttons on a holographic wrist map which controlled the Phase Shifting Cannon, a machine so devastating in its field of fire that it would literally rip a chunk of space out of existence and into an alternate dimension. He didn't say anything as he marched. In fact, not a single sound could be heard save for the churning of the wheels and the heavy shallow footsteps as he searched for any survivors or signs of life.

Suddenly, without warning, the man stared deep into the darkness ahead. The entire army stopped and then, he whispered towards Emperor's location aware of the fact that Emperor could likely hear or rather sense the vibration of his heart beat with ease.

"The Primary Objective should be up there on that bridge, we have to get the rest of them away, but I don't know how to draw their attention from.." his voice trailed off as he realised that something was wrong.

"Thank you Sergeant Spears." Emperor finally mused without turning his metallic head.

"I'll take it from here!" General Rose turned to his leader again and finally after double checking the coordinates for this Temporal Location on the Index charts holographic image more than once. He instantly understood why Spears' voice trailed off. He was aware now that in this version of the multiverse, he had a double and this double was about to fight the flood.

The Thirty First Battalion of the Red Gauntlet, a group of men and women who were hardly soldiers, rather farmers and civilians from an alien world who had been provided weapons and technology beyond their wildest dreams with a hope that they might save their world, stood ready and taking aim. "Prepare to discharge Proton Chambers!" the General began with one arm outstretched and pointing towards the bridge. Spears wanted to halt the attack but didn't knew what was happening and why, without the continuation of the onslaught, the flood would eventually figure out how to open the book, and more of them seemed to be appearing every second.

"Fire!" Rose screamed at the top of his lungs, but as he stopped a blood curdling shriek emanated from his throat. He would be one of them in a matter of seconds. All memory of the past, present and future that they had fought through began to fade as his hand began to shake, but due to the din of the discharge of proton weaponry, he was now almost hidden behind the fire from the blast of multiple weapons.

Bits of the bridge fell as Imperator walked constantly away from the rest of the Battalions of soldiers all cramped in amongst a narrow street. It was in these last few minutes of the soldiers lives, that they all realised that they might have lost the fight to save the human race as the Flood stopped searching for the book and started searching for more energy to consume in the darkness.

The moment the war for time began on this planet was the moment the book arrived. Nobody knew what it was, or where it came from, but it strangely appeared as though it were always there. It was in a library at first, having been plucked from a shelf by a well meaning librarian in the National Gallery. The prestigious organisation was not prone to taking in unsolicited books, though the Central Library was simply across the road.

Charlotte had been rushed off her feet all day, and all day she had been running errands for her boss when something strange happened. She noticed the book, but it wasn't the fact that it was odd or out of place, but rather, it was the fact that it did not have any form of library identification number. She noted the age of the old book and the size of which it was not a six by eight inch book, but rather a larger book that didn't look new or sturdy.

The first thing she did was put on a pair of special gloves to protect the binding of the old book and then she attempted to return to the location of the book only to find that it was gone. *'Am I going crazy, I could have sworn it was there a min..'* she began thinking to herself as she turned around to find a hovering blue dot of a machine that was attempting to read her iris in mid air. She knew it was a machine as she could hear the whir of it's fan as it hovered above the ground, but couldn't tell what era it was from as it certainly wasn't the modern age.

Charlotte had been used to the strangest things happening around her, but today was no different. Before she smacked the hovering machine, she leant backwards towards the table where book upon book was nestled. It was ironic that she would later find out that the book she had picked up was a science fiction book relating to a war of worldly proportions. The sound of electrons steadily charging could be heard in the near empty library as she tensed her muscles in her left hand with a view to knocking the machine to the ground. As she swung her book wielding hand, the machine fell with such a sudden force that as it discharged the electronic stream it left a hole in the building that stretched for nearly a mile or so.

The bridge though damaged remained intact, which should not have been the case. All the soldiers lay wounded or had long since passed over to the other side of the Flood's domain, meaning their bodies were no longer under their control. Tyme, leader of the Flood stood in the darkness looking at Tom Spears. His right ear still ringing from a stray energy discharge from a Photon Cannon. In fact despite the fact that he had long since realised that he was immortal, he was unable to move the entirety of his right side. Initially he had been blown across the road as he reached for his sword, but then something happened and he lost consciousness for what seemed like a moment.

"I know you can't see!" Tyme began at last after the patient wait. Tom's head ached as he picked himself up off of the ground.

"What makes you think that?" he curtly replied, the obvious venom still in his gravely but masculine overtone. The sword, which likely belonged to an actual Samurai, of which Tom had only deduced upon attempting to find out it's origins when it had arrived at his front door all those years ago lay in one of the darkened area's of the street where the flood were pooling in at an astronomical rate now. The invasion was nearly complete. A version of Imperator stood beside Tyme, the blue light of his eye's glinting in the darkness.

"Get him!" Tyme shouted at Imperator who was the only one who could in this moment. Tom rolled and ran towards his sword as the robot began to challenge him with particle weapons discharge which was now causing significant structural damage to the bridge. Suddenly a second Imperator with Green eyes ablaze in the darkness phased into the new reality along with a third Imperator with Yellow eyes and a fourth with Purple eyes, all standing in the way of Tom and the blue eyed Imperator.

"This would be the point where I hand you your marching orders." Tom began, but was highly aware of the fact that he still had to reacquire his sword.

Imperator paused for a moment as he failed to take note of the weapons fire under the bridge. The Red Gauntlet were still firing but nothing seemed to be happening to the outbreak and infestation of the Flood. It was as though they were impervious to the type of weapons discharge that was emanating from their rifles and cannons. As the Red Gauntlet began to succumb to the effects of the Flood, they all began to change. At this point something strange happened. Imperator, who's eyes were still Red at this point stopped walking and then stood for all of two seconds, which might seem briefly unnoticeable but to a machine, this is a lifetime. A feminine voice repeated the words in a Scottish accent;

"Imperator manual override, Guidance System activated!" and with that his system began to update almost instantly causing all the different instances of Imperator on the bridge to change the colour of their eyes to Red.

"Hand me my sword will you?" Tom politely asked and with that he began to fight against Tyme for control of an Army of humanity the likes of which no man, woman or child has ever seen before.

As the ship steadily navigated towards the final event horizon at the end of time, relative time ceased to matter any longer. The flicker of light was as with all things at the end, almost completely imperceptible to any eyes, unseen or otherwise. The gaseous dust that composed the universe in which, a minefield of solar entities in the form of debris and destroyed planets, cold stars and coalescing whirlpools of sub-quantum rips in space and time signalled the death of the universe. It was in this dark age, which had lasted nearly an aeon that the worlds of Corporeal Time Absolute at the end finally succumbed to the final embers of potential energy.

Suddenly and without warning, the entire universe collapsed on itself under the immense pressure and weight of all the matter that existed, not only in this universe, but every universe that could potentially hold life. All of them except one, which existed in an earlier form of sub-quantum and super-quantum laws of existence and natural order. In this universe, there was a planet, unawares as to the reality of a multiverse that was steadily returning to the earliest phase of existence, the area in which all time was contracting towards. All time was moving forwards with a momentum that was steadily increasing with every passing second.

An atomic clock had just been constructed in space as an accurate measure of time in that particular region of space, in which space travel was still in its infancy. Present day Earth hadn't witnessed the ravages of the wars for the control of space and ultimately time. It had no prior knowledge of the Robot army composed of men and women, children even in soul but composed of the core constituents of human bodies and contorted and twisted amalgamations of technology and humanity rolled into the same body with the ability to transfer a person's very essence from one body to another. Rather Earth was as it is now.

Ærowinnh, Ærreaah and Ærreannaih walked slowly towards the Diving Chamber of the High Guard. There had been an outbreak in the fiftieth level of the City gates.

"Something has to be done about these constant outbreaks brothers. The Guardians have forgotten us in their need for spiritual guidance." began Ærowinn, the oldest of the three. The same Guardians of the Temporal Stream, the amalgamation of tributaries and pools of water that the world of the Universal Constants lived in, was steadily falling apart.

"We cannot stay here, we must keep moving!" Ærreannaih finally managed to shout to his brother Universal Constructs, the given name of the people of the entire Populii General, the populous of the Realty of the Æöçör.

Breakdown of Epicentre

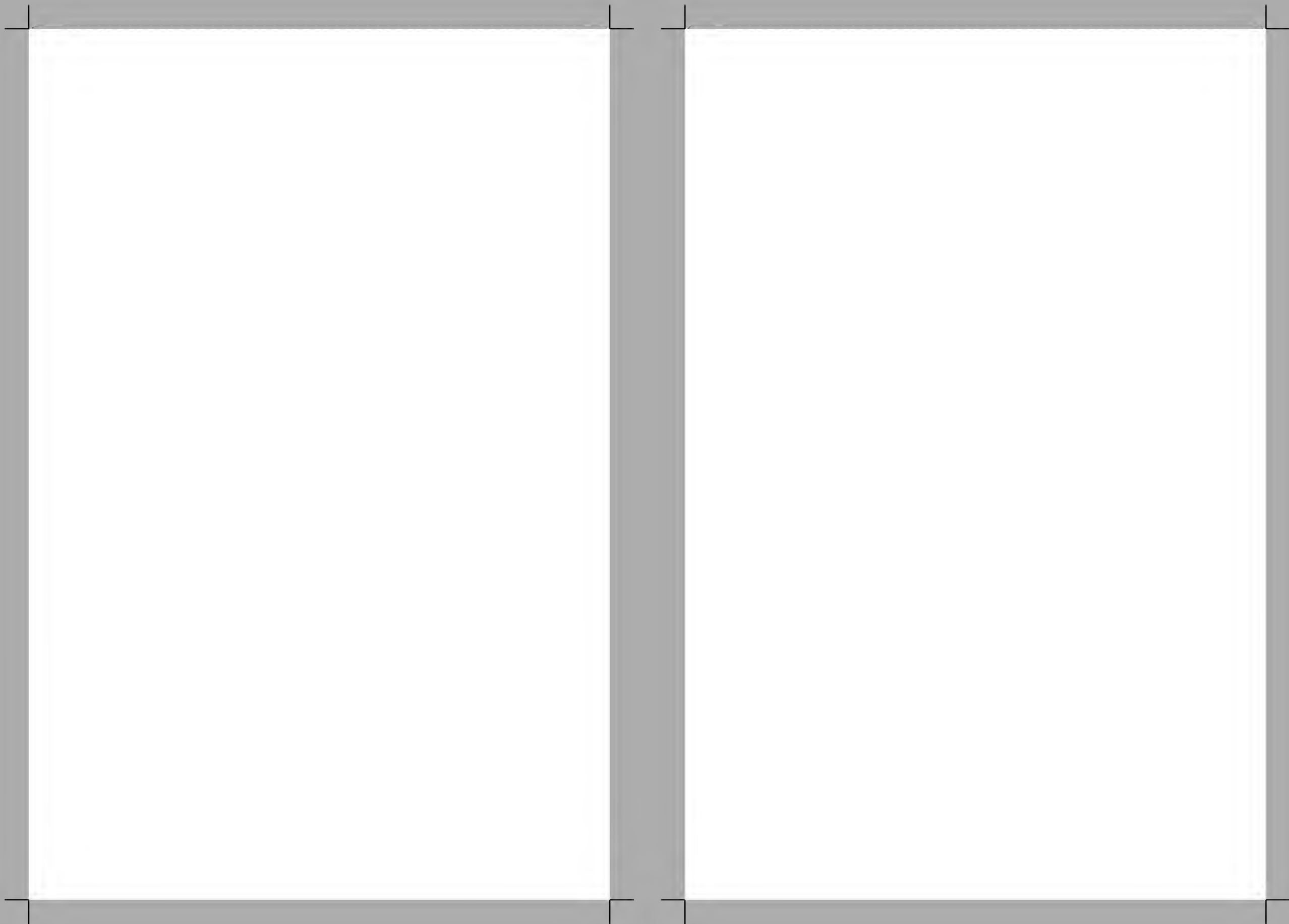
Epicentre is a multiple instance operating system controlled and programmed by Abigail Lord. As a computer system that has the ability to switch between a navigations and control operating system automatically, it regulates the Geodesic, a time travelling ship. The aim of Epicentre is to oversee the smooth transportation of any survivors within the entire multiverse of an outbreak of virus that is eating away at the human race in the form of the Flood. That is to say, it corrupts the very essence of humanity through challenging the evolutionary traits of men and women in order to transform them into pack animals that travel through the multiple instances of the universe that make up the multiverse.

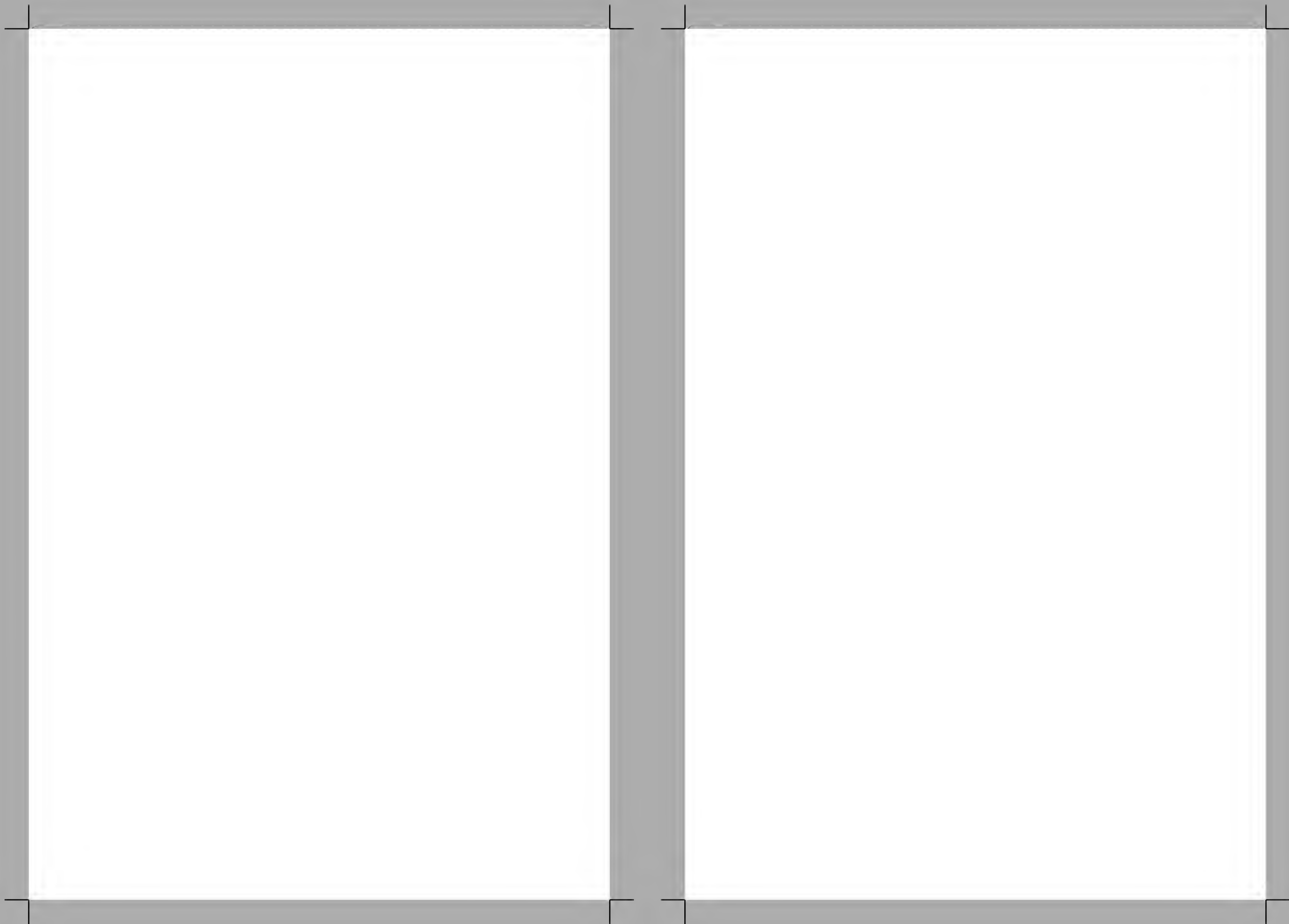
Epicentre's role is to make sure that any survivors are collected and safely harboured within the interior of a ships operating system known as Haven, the control and operations centre of the Geodesic. Imperator, the weapons system of the Geodesic is a machine that has a level of sentience and is able to jump between Biomechs and pure machines of which the metal frame of a robotic shell is his body. Every instance of an upgrade reduces the control that the other part of the Epicentre operating system utilises in the form of C.A.B.L.E; that is, Computer Automated Biological Life Exchange. The Cable system as used by Abigail Lord throughout the Times Shadow Universe is a Temporal navigation unit that allows the manipulation of time travel along with being a medical unit and general operations system.

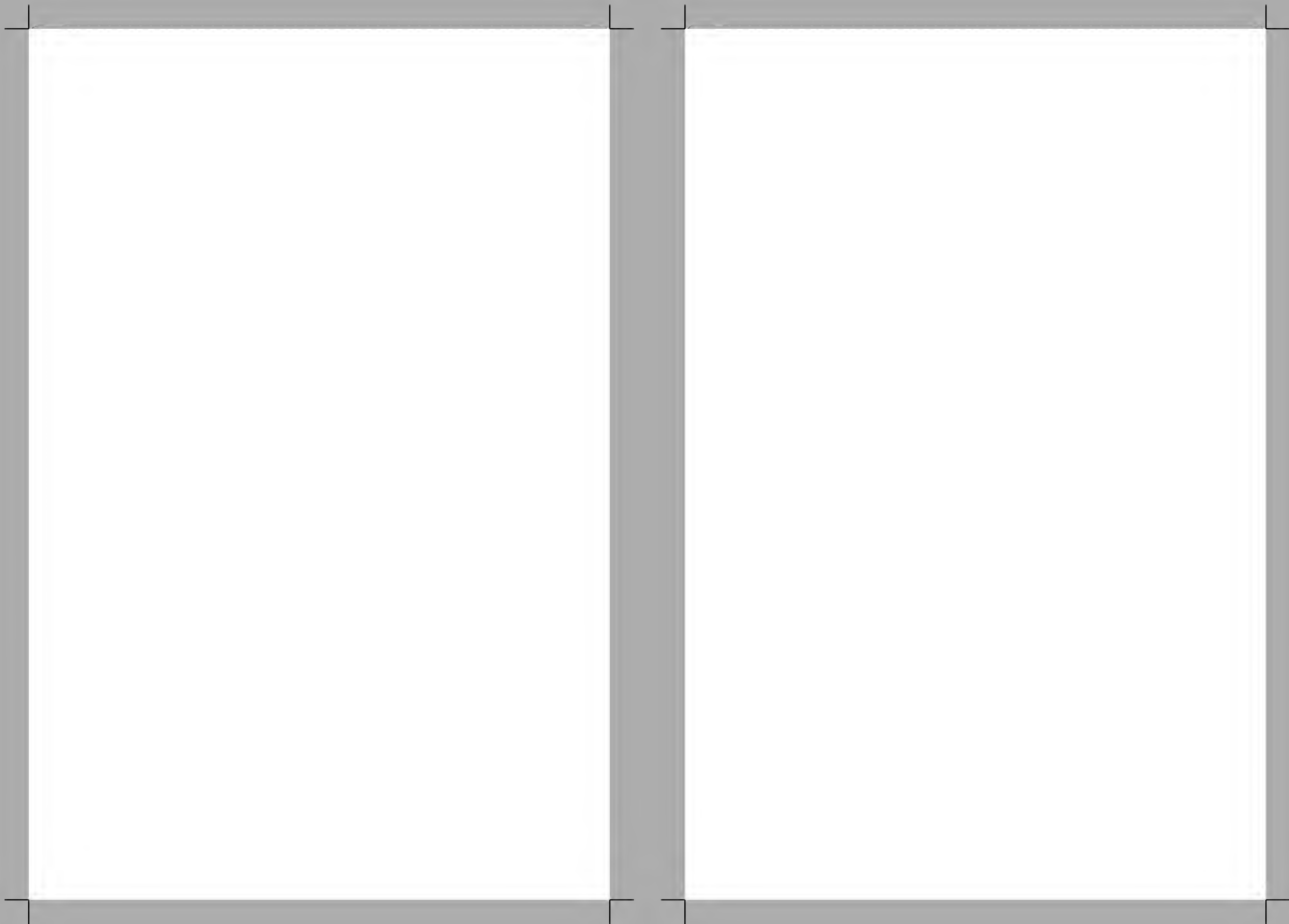
Tyme vs Time Incorporeal

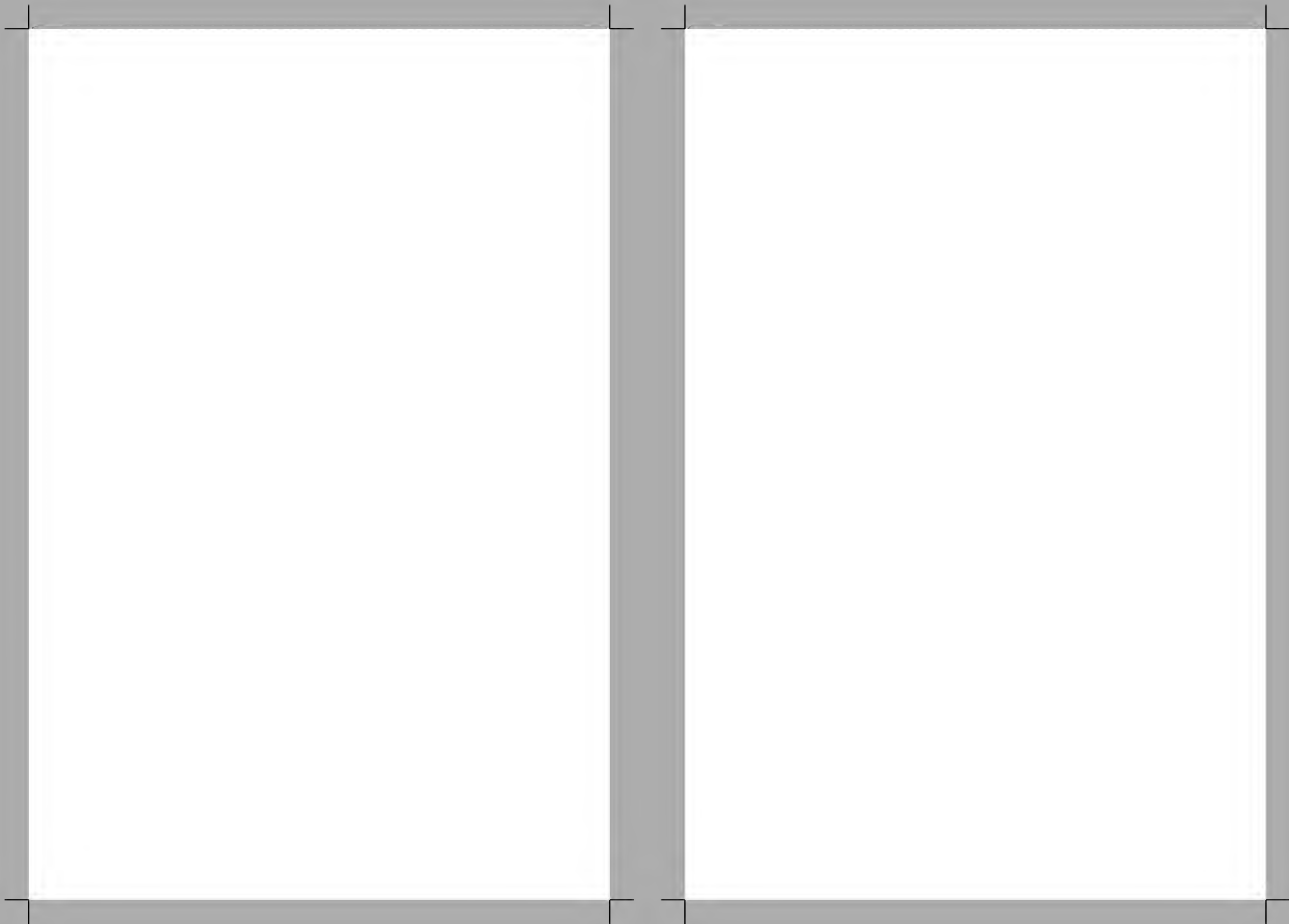
The character Tyme is the absolute opposite of Time Incorporeal, also referred to as Times Hand or Amon, is a Universal Construct or the evolution of the Human Race at the end of Time existent (due to the advent of the multiverse and time travel). Time and Tyme are the same character only opposite ends of the same character trapped within different spectrums of the multiverse with a view to being enemies of one another.

Time is imprisoned at the very end of time and characterises the idea of the very good that is inherent in all of mankind. Tyme is the opposite, a brutal and merciless tyrant who brings out the worst in individuals through consuming them with the negativity that comes with a loss of hope, faith, or just generally anything that can be characterised as human. As the two are the same character they can never exist in the same space at the same time as this breaks the laws of physics.









Proof